THE

Celebrated Beauties:

BEING

An Heroick POEM,

MADE ON THE

Colledge Green and *Queen's Square*

LADIES.

——Meritas celebrare Puellas
Vos mea —— Ovid.

BRISTOL:

Printed by *Joseph Penn*, Bookseller, in *Wine-street*, 1720.

(Price Three Pence.)

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LADIES.

YE Sacred *Dryads*, who adorn the Woods,
Or Seagreen *Nymphs*, that Sport in wanton Floods;
Or rather, thou great *Venus*, be my *Muſe*,
A ſacred Thought into my Lines infuſe;
Deſcend Great Princeſs of our gen'rous Loves,
Whoſe Influence exceeds Almighty *Jove*'s:
Explain the wonders of thy bliſsful Skill,
And thy young Poet's Eyes with wonder Fill;
Sweet let his Numbers flow, and ſoft his Strains,
Let now his Muſick move the Am'rous Swains,
Heat their cold Blood, and fire their ſwelling Veins.
No ſcornful Dame ſhall Taint his Tuneful Verſe,
No *Indian* Lady ſhall he here Rehearſe!
But Beauty ſhall Perfume each Nervous Line,
And make the Poet as his Theme Divine;
So ſhall the *Lawrel* yield her grateful Bough,
To Crown with twining *Wreaths* his tender Brow,

And

And at his Death young *Cupid*'s *Doves* ſhall pine,
And Trees ſhall Mourn in Tears of *Turpentine*.

But all ye Female Glories now draw nigh,
Ye beauteous Models of yon *Chryſtal Skye*;
You that are kindly Fair, will ne'er refuſe
The early off'rings of an Infant Muſe:
I who ne'er drank of the *Pierian* Spring,
Yet in your Beauty's praiſe have dar'd to Sing,
Your Heav'nly Charms, the Poet's Mind inſpire;
And in his Breaſt ſtir the Poetick Fire,
The Gods to Men the tuneful Art convey'd,
To praiſe the Beauties they themſelves had made.
At firſt the Numbers harſhly flow'd along,
Till Beauteous Woman Crown'd the Heav'nly Song.

Some Tunefull Bards deſcribe the rowling Year,
And the gilt Planets in th' *Ætherial* Sphere;
How fiery *Meteors* Flaſh along the Sky?
At length Deſcend, and in moiſt Jellies die.
How nauſeous Vapours from moiſt Fens aſcend?
Mount up in Air, and with the Azure blend,
But I no other lofty Theme ſhall chuſe,
Than Female Beauty for my winged Muſe;
Pleas'd with the Thought, ſhe now attempts to Sing,
Whilſt my light Finger chides the trembling String,
When *Avon* hoarſely greets the joyful Strain,
And *Vincent*'s Rocks proclaim it to the Main.

If lovely Youth, from my inſtructive Muſe,
You would a fair one for your Conſort chuſe,
Each Sov'reign Beauty I'll to you rehearſe,
You view them, as they Crown my flowing Verſe.

Nature and Art have fram'd a Verdant Plain,
Which modern *Annalls* name the *Colledge-Green*,

Hail!

Hail! Bleſſed Place, where Wit and Beauty ſtrive,
Which ſooner ſhall to greateſt Pomp Arrive;
Where *Zephyrs* in cool whiſp'ring Breezes play,
No thundring *Boreas* does diſturb the Day:
The Winter here does never Tyrannize,
Nor with his ſickly Fogs infects the Skies,
But hides his Hoary Head with Rigour foul,
In the cloſe Boſom of the *Northern* Pole:
The haughty *Elm* ſhoots forth his tow'ring Brow,
And yields a ſhade unto the *Nymph* below,
There *Phil'mel's* warble from the ſilent Groves,
Whilſt *Swains* in Sighs murmur their harmleſs Loves;
No more *Dodona's* Grove the Muſe ſhall Sing,
Nor *Tempe's* Pride ſhall pleaſe the Lyrick String.
This only place our tuneful Song detains,
Where *Venus* o're her *Paphian* Chorus Reigns;
Yet that fair Queen preſides not ſolely here,
Minerva and *Diana* have a ſhare.
For we in Juſtice muſt begin our Lays,
In ſtout *Aurelia's* e'er renowned Praiſe;
That Martial Champion of the Female Cauſe,
Merits from ev'ry Voice her juſt Applauſe,
If Bulk can e're allure the youthful Eye,
Aurelia with the Female World may Vie,
For bounteous Nature has in her deſign'd
The ſtouteſt Body, and the ſtouteſt Mind;
Poets in their Romantick Lines may tell,
What Foes before the *Amazonian* fell,
But brave *Aurelia* craves a greater Name,
Than what the crazy Poets Thoughts can Frame,
If with her Siſters on the Walks ſhe's ſeen,
We then Admire her all excelling Mein.

So on the famed *Oſſa's* towring Height,
Amidſt the *Oaks* one Beauteous to the Sight;

High

High over all to Heav'n's high Arch does riſe,
And with extended Branches meets the Skies,
Nor otherwiſe within ſome fertile Soil,
Where beauteous Flowers reward the Gardner's Toil,
The bluſhing Roſe diſplays a ſplendant Ray,
To whom the flowry Race do Homage pay,
Thus *Polyphemus* like, ſhe ſtalks along,
And with her Staff corrects th' unruly Throng.

But now the Muſe to ſofter Thoughts inclines,
Where Love and Beauty may Embalm her Lines,
To *Livia*'s Praiſe in eager haſte ſhe flies,
Receiving Inſpiration from her Eyes.
If you, fair Nymph, had e'er been ſeen by *Jove*,
Scarce had the youthful *Hebe* grac'd his Love;
You the much fairer with the God would joyn,
And Grace the World with a Cæleſtial Line,
With Eyes diſtilling Rheum, we View your Face,
And Heav'nly form Crown'd with ſuch ſplendant Grace,
As when *Aurora* Gilds the Eaſtern Hills,
And *Jndian Grottoes* with her Luſtre fills:
None heretofore e'er Sigh'd but Sigh'd for you,
And ev'ry wounded Bark ſome Love did ſhow,
But ſince you're bound by *Hymen's* envied Chains,
There is no Remedy for all our Pains,
We burn, we Love, yet all with fruitleſs care,
How *Ardent* muſt be Love when in Deſpair,
Ye Sons of *Mars*, now Guide my wandring Pen,
You beſt can tell, how *Delia's* Charms do Reign,
Your Rhetorick can beſt deſcribe her Mein,
But not to you alone ſhe ſeems Divine;
Though Soldiers lay aſide their heavy Arms,
and are enthrall'd by her endearing Charms,
Yet all their vain Efforts can't pierce her Heart,
An *Æſculapins* beſt can play his Part;

Beſides Nymphs hate the Noiſes of the Field,
For ſilent Groves much greater Pleaſures yield.

Once the Gay *Priſcus* lov'd this Beauteous Maid,
But in his Love the Charmer he betray'd,
Whilſt Soldier like, around the World he Roves,
Forgetful of his ſweet Nocturnal Loves;
Young *Æſculapius* ſeizes her Forlorn,
And the fair Nymph to *Hymen's* Fane is born,
And now no more ſhe languiſhes in Sighs,
But has her full of all Connubial Joys:
Thus when falſe *Theſeus* left the *Cretan Fair*,
To rend with ſhrieking Cries the yielding Air,
See from the foaming Waves young *Bacchus* riſe,
And bear his beauteous Prey to diſtant Skies,
Now with her Rays ſhe diſſipates the Night,
And lends to Mariners her Friendly Light.

But ſee another Object courts our Sight,
As *Zephyr* mild, and as *Aurora* bright;
Here *Venus* and her Rival Pallas joyn,
To make the charming *Julia* all Divine,
Thrice happy was the Man, whoſe ſupple Arms
Enclos'd that Form, and revell'd on thoſe Charms,
But *Jove* has envied him thoſe heav'nly Joys,
And has transferr'd him to the Chryſtal Skies,
Thus freed from Man, ſhe leads a ſep'rate Life,
Diſdaining the vile vulgar Name of Wife,
Men are indeed a moſt degen'rate Race,
Not fit ſuch Beauteous forms, as yours to Grace,
Yet ſome excepted to our View ariſe,
Some that may claim the wonder of our Eyes,
Such goodly *Celſus* and *Godolphus* are,
Such *Marcus* is the Muſe's greateſt Care,
Theſe are indeed in Temper moſt refin'd,
Bleſs'd as your ſelf, with an excelling Mind,

Yet

Yet Madam, once reguard a Youth's Advice,
Ne'er let your Mind the Manly Sex deſpiſe,
In their own proper Charms they alſo ſhine,
Charms that oft make the Loveſick Virgin Pine,
Beware leſt you ſuch Beauties ſhould deſcry,
Swift is the Javelin from a ſparkling Eye,
Not half ſo ſwift the roaring Torrents flow,
Nor the wing'd Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow,
Nor when fierce *Boreas* in his rapid Courſe,
Makes the thick Forreſt tremble at his Force,
The Luſcious Venome gives a deadly ſmart,
And leaves a ſure Deſtruction to the Heart,
Oft the fair Huntreſs *Atalanta* ſtrove
To curb the Paſſions of enticing Love;
Thee *Venus* ſhe deſpis'd although Divine,
Yet fell at length a Victim to thy Shrine,
When you, fair *Julia* Trace the Verdant *Green*,
Your outward Form betrays your Worth within,
Gay Nature ſmiles and is with Joy Inſpir'd
To ſee her Maſterpiece ſo much admir'd,
Whilſt the Fair Queen of Love, with Jealouſy is fir'd
But the faint Muſe theſe lofty Strains declines,
Which better ſuit *Apollo*'s ſacred Lines.

But ſee a *Comet* from the *North* ariſe,
Giving a Silver Mirrour to the Skies,
Which like Orion blazes from afar,
Yet ſlowly moves like the bright *Northern* Star,
But how deceitful is our Human Sight?
Fair *Silvia* we behold no heav'nly Light,
From *Warwick's* Hills the Charmer leads her Train,
To bleſs us with her heavenly Charms again:
As when bright *Phœbus* to the *South* has fled,
Then drowzy Nature leans her Penſive Head,
But when in Brighter Rays he ſhines again,
And ſheds his Bleſſings on the *Britiſh* Plain.

Yet

Pleas'd

Pleas'd, we behold his bright Aſpiring Beams,
Peep o'er the Hills, and kiſs the Silver Streams;
A general Joy inſpires each living Thing,
And ev'ry Note ſalutes the joyful Spring,
Thus nothing was, Fair Nymph, but Dulneſs ſeen,
When on your Journey bent, you left the *Green*,
But ſince you are return'd, our Sorrow Flies,
Recover'd from their Trance our Senſes riſe,
Briſtolian Swains a lively Count'nance bear,
And the gay Groves their fineſt Liv'ries wear,
This your Return each Tuneful Bard Salutes,
And Serenades awake the ſleepy Flutes.

But now my eager *Muſe* directs her Flight
To level'd Paths, where lofty *Elms* Delight,
Where beauteous *Chloe's* far expanded Sails,
Receive the gentle Blaſts of whiſp'ring Gales.
Since 'tis my Task, fair Nymph, to Sing your Praiſe,
My tuneful Notes ſo loftily I'll raiſe,
That Heav'n it ſelf ſhall Eccho with the Noiſe,
The Gods ſhall ev'n be charmed with my Voice,
When e'er you move along with graceful Art,
Each Step does trample on ſome bleeding Heart,
Ah! Cruel Fair, we envy not your Reign,
Inſult not o'er the proſtrate and the Slain,
But my young Feeble Muſe is quite unfit
To Sing th' Encomiums of your fluant Wit;
What I can ſay, is that ſo fair a Frame,
Requires a loftier Muſe than mine to Name.

See *Tullia* next in beauteous Order move,
A form like her's would make a *Stoick* Love,
Such Radiant Beauty in her Face does ſhine,
We cannot but acknowledge it Divine,
Thus when the *Paphian* Queen in bright array,
To ſome cool *Cyprian* Grott directs her Way,

Waſhing her Feet the Silver Currants Glide,
Whilſt the glad Linnet warbles on her Side.
Cupids in Companies before her Play,
Whilſt *Aromatick* Sweets perfume the Way,
You ſeem to Rival great *Dianas'* Fame,
Fair Nymph your modeſty deſerves a Name;
But if ſuch Heavenly Praiſes I rehearſe,
The lofty Thoughts will tire the Youthful Verſe.
Next *Cælia* in her blooming Beauty ſhines,
Beauty that claims the Muſes ſweeteſt lines,
In her Fair Face an unripe Luſtre breaks,
And Youthful *Hebe* paints her Ruddy Cheeks,
As when the budding Roſe firſt ſhows his Head,
No pleaſing Colour ſhines, no ſparkling Red;
But when kind Heav'n diſtills her Milky Dew,
Soon the fair Flower diſplays a pleaſing Hue.

Thus you though young, if Verſe can Truth preſage,
Shall ſhortly be the Charmer of the Age;
Then ſhall you Sparkle in the Female Ring,
And in your Praiſe each Lawrel'd Bard ſhall Sing.

If Charming Youth the Luſt of Wealth remove,
From your cool Veins the Bliſsful Springs of Love.
If glimm'ring *Bullion* have your Senſe controul'd,
And you would ſwell your empty Cheſt with Gold,
Make your Addreſs to *Lydia* that rich Dame,
And ſlily kindle up the am'rous Flame,
Her boundleſs Wealth will all your wants ſupply,
And heal the tort'ring Pinch of Penury,
See where the ſhining Virgin paints the Plain,
The Pride of *Jndia* burniſhes her Train.

But here kind *Martia* with her *Lucia* moves,
They laugh, and mutually relate their Loves.

Ye cunning Nymphs who nightly Trace the *Green*,
Think you that your Amours will not be ſeen,
'Tis ſurely hard t' Eſcape a Poets Sight,
When your own ſparkling Eyes will give a Light;
Though gloomy Clouds expell the radiant Day,
For Beauty like a *Meteor* gives it's Ray,
Your nightly Walks on this Foundation lie,
The Night affords an eaſie Victory;
Then Hecatombs of Swains before you fall,
You *Cynthias* of the Night we juſtly call.

But gen'rous Youth, if you admire my Song,
Still ſweeter ſhall the Numbers flow along,
Th' Auſpicious Muſe ſhall eccho Beauties Praiſe,
And *Venus* ſhall new trim her Poet's Bays,
For if you'd ſee new Scenes of Beauties riſe,
Turn to the Eaſt, your all admiring Eyes;
Three Graces there in Gaudy Veſture bright,
Shall wound th' unguarded Heart, and pierce the Sight,
Where *Froom* and *Avon* their Kin Currants join,
And rowl their blended Billows to the Main
There to your View appears another Field,
Which to the Eye does pleaſing Proſpects yield,
This happy plain a Verdant Veſt puts on,
And offers up her Entrails to the Sun,
This Place great *Anna*, bears thy ſacred Name,
To us *Briſtolian* Swains a place of Fame.
Here has the *Paphian* Queen deſign'd her Court,
Where all her beauteous Worſhippers reſort,
Led by *Eliza's* Fame we hither come,
Nor can we ffnd a more delicious Home;
A Thouſand *Cupids* on *Eliza* wait
Cupids that oft our Senſes Captivate,
But Ah! what Poet, or what Poet's ſtrain,
Can thee deſcribe? in whom all Beauties Reign,

But now the Muſe proceeds to *Flora's* Praiſe,
She who deſerves the Poet's ſweeteſt Lays,
Thrice happy Maid in whoſe fair Features meet,
Each lovely Grace that may be call'd compleat,
Behold what Roſes on her Cheeks ariſe,
What dazling Meteors ſparkle in her Eyes;
Such Looks as theſe with radiant Luſtre bright,
Would add new Rays to the Sun's feeble Light;
But ah! when e'er you Trace the beauteous *Square*,
Such odorif'rous Sweets invade the Air,
As when mild *Zephyr* tips the trembling Bowers,
And Pearly Dews fall from the Balmy Flowers,
But if the Poet all theſe Charms rehearſe,
Soon will he ſtretch the Energy of Verſe;
Should Famous *Kneller*, from whoſe Pencil flows,
Each lively Art, that Mother Nature knows,
Should he delineate this form of thine,
And try to render ev'ry Grace Divine,
Ne'er would his Pencil draw ſo fair a Frame,
But Flag, as well as I, beneath the Theme,
Fair Nymph, no more you'll rule the flowry Grove,
But henceforth ſhall be ſtil'd the Queen of Love.
Fain would the Muſe arrive to *Claudia's* Fame,
And raiſe the Beauteous Nymph beyond her Name,
Methinks in coſtly Pomp I ſee her Gay,
Blooming as *March*, and freſh as ſmiling *May*,
But thus to praiſe ſuch noble Excellence,
Will tire the Author and the Readers Senſe.

Ye Noble Virgins, whoſe Immortal Praiſe,
Shall flow Luxuriant in theſe tuneful Lays,
Could but the Poet all your Beauties trace,
And Paint each Nymph in her peculiar Grace.
Lifted upon the Pegaſus of Fame,
He then would mount, ſtirr'd by that noble Flame,
Which fir'd his Verſe, and which from Heaven came.

With

With dire Applause the ecchoing Vales should roar,
And Ringing *Pæans* shake the *British* shoar:
The *Muse* should then Attempt a daring flight,
Soaring above *Parnassus*'s spiring height,
Still Born with eagerness at length should try,
To reach the Vaulted Regions of the Sky.

FINIS.